

## The Wet Day

The next day was wet, and the children could not go out. From morning till night the sun never shew-ed his face: dark clouds hid the blue sky; And the rain fell in such tor-rents. But if you ran out, to the gar-den gate, you would be wet through.

Even Mr. Brontë had to ~~stay~~ at home, for no one could work in the fields on that rain: so he did odd jobs about the house with the help of the two boys.

of the two boys.  
Where can all the water come from? said Ned: if  
the sky were made of great water bottles turned  
up-side down it could not rain fast or.  
That's what I want to know, said Charlie: where  
does the water come from?  
Can we see any other sky? No

drops of rain. <sup>gather</sup> Well, but where does the water come from? where do the clouds get it in the first place?

The sun is their water car-ri-er. He takes a great deal of water out of the sea: comes to our duck pond for a few pailfuls you know how empty it gets in hot weather: comes to the ink bottle in the window for a drop or two: wherever there is a little pond, the sun finds it out & carries some of the water to the clouds.

Oh, I see; and when the clouds are too full, the water comes back to us as rain. Should we be glad, perhaps, to see the rain?

Indeed we should: it is the rain that makes our fields green and our fruits full of juice.  
We can see the water come down <sup>in little</sup> but I have never seen any wind up ~~water~~.  
That is b. cause it comes down in big drops which you can see, but it goes up in such very tiny drops that you cannot see them at all.

Little Rain drops.

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Oh! where do you come from,  
You little drops of rain,  
Pitter patter, pitter patter,  
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,  
And they won't let me play,  
And they won't let me go  
Out of doors at all to day.

Tell me, little rain drops.  
Do that the way you play,  
Pitter patter, pitter patter,  
All the raining day?

They say I'm very naughty,  
But I've nothing else to do,  
But sit here at the window:  
I should like to play with you.

The little rain drops cannot speak,  
But pitter, patter, pat,  
mean - we can play on this side,  
Why can't you play on that?

### The Foot-rule.

The next day was too wet for Mr. Brown to go to work; so he said he would put up a shelf in the back-kitchen or another pot-slops.

So he took out his foot-rule & began to measure the wall. Father went to the shed & measured his wood, and marked with a pencil how long and how broad the ~~shelf~~ <sup>shelf</sup> was to be.

You may be ~~sure~~ <sup>sure</sup> the boys were not far off: for try like to ~~watch~~ <sup>watch</sup> me at work, to know how things are done.

"What do you call that bit of wood you measured with, father?"

"That is a foot-rule; you so call it because it is always the length of a foot, not from foot to quire."

"But all people have not feet of the same size?"

"No; but all foot-rules are of the same length. Look at this rule & you will see it is marked off into twelve parts by little lines."

Each of these parts is an inch, and there are twelve inches in a foot:

Every one knows how long a foot is; so if I write to your uncle in London, bed, and ask him to send me a piece of deal 8 feet long & 1 foot 6 inches broad, he will know just what to send.

Here is the rule; measure <sup>along</sup> the floor how long ~~the~~ <sup>such a</sup> plank would be & how broad: you can make marks with this piece of chalk to show the length & breadth."

"Father, could you spare us the rule? We could measure the kitchen & everything in it."

"Very well, boys; when I come in to dinner, you must tell me how long & how broad the table is, show <sup>me</sup> far it is from the fire, how long & broad the length & breadth of the dress or, show <sup>me</sup> far it is from the door; and anything else I may ask."

# Measuring.

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The boys went to work with great glee. One got a slate to put down the length & breadth of every thing, while the other measured.

First, Ned measured the out-side wall when the door and window were. ~~Fourteen~~<sup>14</sup> feet, 3 inches. He called out to Charley, who put it down. Then he measured the in-side wall on the other side of the room. "Why, it's just the same; you must put down 14 feet, 3 inches again." The side of the room when the fire-place was put up by the boys, because the wall came out 2 feet into the room to make room for the chimney. "You had best let me measure along the floor, in front of the fire," said Mrs. Brown.

This wall was eleven feet, six inches long, & the op-poo-ite wall was the same length.

The table was the next thing; & the boys measured how high it stood, as well as how long & how broad it was, & how far it was from each of the two walls.

"What a pity we can't measure how high the room is!" said Charley.

And Mrs. Brown heard him, and brought her steps; and Ned got up, meas-ur-ing as he went, until he reached the ceiling. 8 feet, 8 inches, he called <sup>from the top of the steps</sup> out as loudly as if Charley were in the next street.

When Mrs. Brown came in, the boys could tell her the length and breadth of nearly every thing in the room; and how far every thing was from the door & from the pie.

"How many things do you know the length & breadth and height of?" Oh, three, the table, & the dresser, and the room itself. "When you know the length and breadth & height of a thing, you know its size," said Mr. Brown.

Measuring the School-room. 43

"Father, may we take your foot-rule to school & ask Master to let us measure?"

"Yes, you may take the rule, but mind you do not tell your master."

So when prayers were over, Ned said, "Please Sir, we have brought father's foot-rule, and may we measure the school-room?"

"That you may, my boy; but wait till lessons are over, & I will tell you what to do."

After morning school, <sup>in the afternoon</sup> the master said, "Every boy may ask his father to lend him a foot-rule this afternoon, & you may all measure the school-room. The boys who measure twenty paces shall count it for their home lessons."

What a measuring there was to be sure! They measured the walls, & the desks, & the floor & the windows, and could tell how far it was from the master's desk to every window.

At last, Tom Jones said, "Let us measure the play-ground." Off they set, & soon found that it was 150 feet long, & ~~about~~ 95 feet broad. Then they found out how far it was from the school-room to each wall of the play-ground.

Ned measured the long wall of the school-room, & found it was 47 feet long. "Why," said he, "how is this? the schoolroom was only 45 feet long inside, it is 47 feet long outside!" Two or three other boys tried, but they ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> that Ned was quite right. ~~not the thickness~~ <sup>not the thickness</sup> of the end walls made the outside wall longer than the inside.

What becomes of the Rain.

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"Oh, mother," said Mary, "we could hardly get to school to-day; there was quite a broad stream in the middle of the road; but Ned drew in big stones, and stopped ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> brook."

"Ah," said Mr. Brown, "that is an old friend, the rain. You want to know where the rain comes from; but where do you think it goes to?"  
"It runs away," said Ned; "it sinks into the ground," said Charley. "No," said Mary, "the sun draws it up again to make more clouds of."

"You are all three right; but what becomes of the water that runs away? where does it run to?"  
Now of the children could answer; so after tea Mr. Brown said, "Put on your hats and we will go & look at the brook."

"Oh, father, how full it is! if there were a little more water, it would be over and into the fields. And see how fast it is going!"  
"Look at the stick Dick threw in: it is nearly out of sight."

"Yes; it is quite plain that the brook is going some where, & that it is in a hurry, too. But what do you think has made it so full?"

"The rain?" said Mary.

"Yes; but not the rain that has fallen just here; no, nor rain ~~was~~ <sup>falling</sup> ~~falling~~ into the brook <sup>and</sup> ~~now~~ ran to, upon our street. But then the rain that fell in the streets & the fields flowed away in little streams which found their way down to our brook. And now the brook is hurrying on to join a much wider stream, called a river. And the river itself is running away to the great sea, into which it pours all its waters."

"Have you ever seen the sea, Charley? You have not? Well I promised Ned & Mary they should go to Shoreham for a day this summer, so as it is a ~~hot~~ <sup>hot</sup> day to-morrow, we will go to Shoreham."

"Oh, father, I can just see the sea!" said Ned the next day as he stood at the window of the rail-way carriage.

"And I can smell it now nice & salty, it smells," said Mary.

Corn, they were on the beach, & paddling in the water, with <sup>old</sup> shoes & stockings off.

"Look, what a pretty shell I have found!"

"What is this?" "That is sea-weed; a great many plants like that grow in the sea."

"How salt it tastes!" <sup>a bitter</sup>

"Yes, it ~~causes~~ <sup>causes</sup> the sea-water is very salt."

"The water of our brook is not salt?"

"No, never and brook ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> fresh water,

but the sea is always salt."

"How big the sea is! I can't see to the end of it. And see the ships over there, how they sail away!"

"Some of those ships will sail a-cross the sea for many weeks before they come to dry land again."

"Oh, father, the sea is going to ~~flow~~ <sup>flow</sup> over the land! it is ~~ever~~ <sup>so</sup> much further in than when we came down to the beach."

"It will go out again, soon; the sea is always ~~running~~ <sup>running</sup> up to the land, & then running away again; and this ~~move~~ <sup>move</sup> is called the coming in and going out of the tide."

"Is this the sea that the water of our brook reaches <sup>at last?</sup>"

"Yes, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> broad stream flows into the sea is the very river into which our little brook ~~pours~~ <sup>pours</sup> its water."

The Boys at the Waves.

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Roll on, roll on, you restless waves,  
That toss about & roar;  
Why do you all run back again  
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy wave,  
Roll higher up the strand;  
How is it that you cannot pass  
That line of yellow sand?  
Make haste, or else the tide will turn,  
Make haste, you noisy sea;  
roll quick across the bank, & then  
Far on across the sea.

"We dare not so," the waves reply;  
"That line of yellow sand  
Delays along the shore to bound  
The waters & the land;

"And all should keep to turn & place,  
And all should keep to rule,  
Both waves upon the sandy shore,  
And little boys at school."

*Paul Elmer More*

Red Wherry crept up to their Master's side when they went out to play in the day. They wanted to tell him all about their day at the sea-side. "We got all these shells yesterday <sup>sir.</sup> on the beach," said Mary in a tiny voice, holding up a little basket of shells.

"And a great deal of sea-weed besides," said Ned.

"Well, and what did how did you like the sea, children?"

"Oh, sir, it is so big: father said it would take some ships ~~as~~ <sup>sail</sup> weeks to get to the far lands they were going to."

"Were there any waves?" "Yes, there were little waves that kept coming closer and closer in to the land: father said it was the tide coming." "But those are not the sort of waves that make ships go down, are they, sir? Mother told us about a ship-wreck; and the great waves went up to the <sup>& nearly took her in pieces</sup> top of the masts, & turned the poor ship over, and all the sailors would have been drowned, only a life-boat came & took them up."

"There are the great storm waves which only come <sup>only</sup> when there is a very strong wind."

"Where do the ships go to see? I should like to know all about the sea, & about Africa & London & all the places in the world."

"So you shall Ned: you are getting quite old enough to learn ge-o-graphy. We shall begin next week, & then Charley will learn a little before he goes."

"Thank you sir; but, if geography tells us about places, I think Charley knows some already. He is nine years old, & I am only seven."